

Forget The World

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Forget The World

by [WordsAblaze](#)

Summary

“I won’t be able to stay for long,” he admits, “but...”

“You had to make sure,” Will finishes for him. “You just had to make sure I didn’t die by another’s hand when my fate is written for yours.”

At first, Hannibal bristles, uncertain of where he stands on the matter of Will’s death. But the word fate echoes in his mind—not death, not end, not demise—and he frowns, meeting Will’s eyes once more, searching for something he doesn’t know how to name.

Notes

not very whumpy but i've had a long day and just needed a nice thing.

day 16 prompts used: flatline

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hannibal receives news of Will's surgery complications at exactly 6:23am.

At 10:54am, Chilton is made aware of the empty cell in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

Of course, by 10:54am, Hannibal is *long* gone, having made his way to Will's hospital room and now taking a seat in the uncomfortable chair beside his bed. And, in what the nurses will later call a sign from the universe, Will opens his eyes only a few minutes later, at 10:57am.

"Hann'b'l?" Will manages, his voice hoarse.

With a soft smile, Hannibal reaches up and uses his thumb to nudge Will's lips apart, gently placing a small handful of ice chips on his tongue before he can question the action.

"Hydration takes priority, Will."

Will looks as though he fiercely disagrees, but he obediently keeps the ice chips in his mouth, even accepting two more servings of them before finally shivering and clearing his throat. "I don't understand."

"Your condition or my presence?" Hannibal replies carefully.

After a moment of thoughtful consideration, Will sighs slowly, letting his head fall back onto the pillow. "I suppose the explanation for either wouldn't make much difference."

"Not within the greater scale of humanity, perhaps," Hannibal confirms, "but I would still appreciate knowledge of the former, if you are capable of providing it."

Will chuckles at the wording of the request before shrugging, the action accompanied by an instinctive wince. "I let my guard down."

Hannibal very much doubts that. He says as much, and Will smiles, amused disbelief glittering in his eyes. "You shouldn't. You've witnessed it more than anyone else."

Both of them glance at his stomach, which, although now firmly intact once again, bears a permanent reminder of the consequences that accompany a lowered guard. Hannibal clenches his jaw for a moment, then forces his muscles to relax, knowing that only one of them can present their instability at a time if they wish to survive, and it is justifiably *not* his turn to do so.

"You were given a room but it has been left vacant?" Hannibal finds himself asking, his curiosity getting the better of him.

Another pause—Will takes the time to scan and analyse whatever he can read on Hannibal's face—before Will shrugs again. "I wasn't really given a say in the matter."

Before Hannibal can ask anything more, a nurse arrives to check on Will, and seems startled when he finds Will awake. He doesn't ask Hannibal to leave the room, unknowingly saving

himself from an early and very public grave, so he completes his assessment with no trouble, turning to Hannibal once he's done. "You must be family?"

Will immediately snorts in amusement, but, to Hannibal's surprise and great relief, he himself then nods in confirmation at the nurse. "All I have left, save for my dogs."

The nurse's expression softens in sympathy, and Hannibal stares at Will in both relief and *awe*. But then the nurse begins to review all of Will's injuries before explaining how his heart had briefly stopped as they'd treated his latest bullet wound—it takes a transcendent amount of self-control for Hannibal not to visibly react to such a revelation—and that awe is quickly replaced by *fury*.

Only when the nurse leaves does Hannibal turn to Will, more than aware of but unable to stop the sharpness of his disbelief seeping into his expression. "Whose gun was it?"

"Mine," Will replies quietly. He meets Hannibal's gaze and shakes his head to dispel the question he doesn't want to ask. "Taken right out of my hands."

Hannibal grits his teeth. "By whom?" he demands.

Will's eyes water from the force of refusing to look away from Hannibal's ire for even a moment. When he does blink, and Hannibal does the same to keep them even, Will gestures to the chair, waiting until Hannibal heeds his request and sits back down before replying. "It doesn't matter. She's dead."

"By your hand?" Hannibal asks, taking one of Will's in his own even as he does. Will gasps softly at the contact, but makes no move to pull away.

"By her own," Will replies, though he seems more concerned with their hands, his fingers curling between Hannibal's own. It's unclear why that seems to be the thing to remind him of their wider circumstance, and yet, almost immediately, his gaze snaps up. "How did you get here?"

Hannibal smirks, making an effort not to bare his teeth. "I won't be able to stay for long," he admits, "but..."

"You had to make sure," Will finishes for him. "You just *had* to make sure I didn't die by another's hand when my fate is written for yours."

At first, Hannibal bristles, uncertain of where he stands on the matter of Will's death and hesitant to try and wrangle his thoughts into a spontaneous explanation. But the word *fate* echoes in his mind—not death, not end, not demise—and he frowns, meeting Will's eyes once more, searching for something he doesn't know how to name. "You no longer believe I would kill you."

Will's smirk rivals his own, though with the addition of a mischievous glint in his expression. "I no longer believe you *can*. Or that you would *genuinely* try, given the opportunity."

As much as he wants to disagree, Hannibal finds that he can't. Instead, he squeezes Will's hand and offers up a smile he hopes can convey how impressed—how *proud*—he is with Will's uncanny ability to all but read his thoughts. Will squeezes back, and Hannibal knows that, although Will is unlikely to say as much, the sentiment echoes in both directions.

He wonders how long Will has been deliberating on the topic, and he wonders whether he would have ever relayed this information to Hannibal had he not made the effort to visit him. If Will is right in his implication that neither of them can survive without the other, it's likely he would have, though with a significantly longer and more painful delay.

"Your mind is truly remarkable, Will," Hannibal murmurs.

"And the rest of me?" Will asks without missing a beat, with an incredible sort of confidence that Hannibal has been attempting to kindle since the moment they met and is *beyond* glad to finally see unfurling.

Hannibal's smile widens without his permission, and he lifts their interlaced fingers so he can press a feather touch of a kiss to the back of Will's hand. He watches in satisfaction as Will's breath hitches; wide eyes trace Hannibal's lips when he repeats the action, once, twice.

"Magnificent, of course," Hannibal whispers against Will's skin.

"Of course," Will echoes distractedly, a soft kind of exhilaration shining in his eyes, and Hannibal mentally begins sketching travel plans.

End Notes

i don't care how secure Hannibal's cell seemed, he WOULD escape if he found out Will flatlined—

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